



Chapter 5

Advice from a Caterpillar

THE Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

“Who are *you*?” said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, “I—I hardly know, Sir, just at present—at least I know

ADVICE FROM A CATERPILLAR

who I *was* when I got up this morning. I must have been changed several times since then.”

“What do you mean by that?” said the Caterpillar, sternly. “Explain yourself!”

“I can’t explain myself, I’m afraid, Sir,” said Alice, “because I’m not the same as I was.”

“I don’t see,” said the Caterpillar.

“I’m afraid I can’t put it more clearly,” said Alice, very politely, “for I can’t explain myself, to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.”

“It isn’t,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps you haven’t found it so yet,” said Alice; “but when you have become a chrysalis—you will some day wake up in the morning and stretch yourself, and then after that into a butterfly and you’ll feel it a little queer, won’t you?”

“Not a bit,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps *your* feelings are different from mine,” said Alice: “all I know is, it would be a great deal more sensible to be *you* than to be *me*.”